

Foolish

by RedTailedRyo

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Summary: Dagcup with FemHiccup. They used to be friends, they were almost something more, they are enemies now and she has always been foolish.

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By Ryo-the-Wonkey

Warnings: Genderbending, FemHiccup, Dagcup

A/N: Some elements in this fic are from several RPs I've shared with my good friend Dia. Thank you for the great times, Dia! This is for you.

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Hicca strolled along the far shores of Berk by herself, arms wrapped around her slim form. It was a fairly cool day, the winds coming across the sea carrying the bite of the soon coming winter. She shivered a bit, stopping to look over the expanse of the ocean, enjoying the sight of the sun starting it's descent into the distance.

A breeze washed over her form causing the skirt of her dress to ruffle and flare. She smoothed the soft pale green fabric down and continued walking down the beach. It was basically the only dress she owned and this was the first time she had ever worn it. She had been surprised when she had pulled it out of the place she had hidden it and found that it fit her perfectly.

The bodice hugged her torso and hips, accentuating what little curves her slim body possessed, the skirt flaring out past her hips and surrounded her legs in soft silk. The sleeves were long and billowy, hanging a little off her shoulders, the neckline curving into a low V

shape over her chest. If she had any cleavage what so even she might have felt it was little to risque to wear. Her back felt bare for the laces up the back, causing her to leave her hair loose, freed from the her normal twisted up braid.

Normally she wouldn't wear a such a thing, but it was her birthday...and she had made a promise. A promise that weighted heavily on her mind, like how the jewelry around her neck seemed so heavy.

She left small foot prints in the sand, if someone wanted to they easily be able to follow her, but she knew nobody would. Toothless would take care of anyone should they try to find her. Not that she expected them to, Hooligans loved to party and she was sure most of them already were drunk enough not to be a worry.

She sighed, reaching a small out cropping of rocks and sat down curling her legs under her, moving around till she found a comfortable spot for her prosthetic. The dress had come with a matching pair of shoes, but do to her circumstances her had forgone them, choosing to go barefoot.

Her emerald green eyes looked over the ocean, but not really seeing it, lost in memories, past and recent. She knew it was foolish of her to be here by any stretch of the imagination, but they also said peace between vikings and dragons was foolish as well. Her eyes slid closed as her floated away into a memory.

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She was ten and running down this very beach, her breathing harsh from her exertion, the one she was running from following her at a steady pace. She tripped just before she got to the rocks, getting a face full of sand, then got another when a foot landed on her back to keep her from running away again.

"Gotcha." Dagur crowed smugly, his foot resting on the girl's back, not hard enough to hurt, but the threat of it was there. Hicca felt tears gather in her eyes, but didn't want the older boy to see them, "Let me go! This isn't funny, Dagur!" she yelled, wiggling under the foot holding her down.

The fourteen year old just laughed his scary laugh and pulled the brunette up by the back of her shirt and held her in his arms like she was a doll. A very angry and kicking doll, that was trying to claw her way out of the hold she was in.

Dagur just rolled his green eyes and carried the small girl over to the rocks and sat down with her in his lap, tightening his hold to where she couldn't do much that wiggle. Hiccup went limp after a while, causing the teen to raise an eyebrow at her expression of closed eyes, tongue hanging out of her mouth, "What are you doing?"

He shook his head when she didn't answer and slid his hand under her shirt, fingers brushing over her stomach. She squealed, flailing hands grabbing his form where it was up her shirt, "Nooooo!" He chuckled again, exploiting her weakness, "I've told you that playing dead doesn't work with me."

Hiccup giggled despite herself, she was scared of the boy, but the tickling sensation of his fingers against her flat stomach was too much for her. He smirked, victory flashing in his eyes as he leaned forward to bury his face in her hair, inhaling her scent, sweet but tinged with the smell of hot metal and leather from the blacksmith.

Hiccup let out a frustrated sigh and went limp again, but not like before, just giving to let the boy do whatever, just hoping she walked away with her life afterward. She shivered as he smelled of her hair, goosebumps raising over her skin and bit her lip as his hand still rested on her stomach.

"Only seven more years..." He purred, mouth twisting into a feral smirk when the girl in his hold tensed up. Hiccup worried the lip between her teeth, she always was uneasy when ever Dagur was in one of his calm, affectionate moods. She wasn't sure if she liked it or not...

Sure it was nice when he preferred to hold her or just carry her around instead of bullying her, but the young brunette would get used to such affection for her older playmate. Which would only hurt her worse when he would switch back to bullying her.

She forced her body to relax in his hold, leaning back against his chest and got a pleased sound from him as he face moved to the crook of her neck. "Seven more years, then you'll be my wife." He purred against the soft pale skin of her neck, his words causing her face to flush a deep red.

That was the whole reason she had been running down the beach. Her Father and Uncle Oswald had thought it was finally time to tell the two heirs about the betrothal they had been plotting since Hiccup's birth. Dagur had shown no interest, yawning and stating he was bored. She cried and ran out of the great hall screaming, to the two chiefs shock, Dagur lazily jogging after her.

He chuckled suddenly, a minor version of his normal creepy laugh, but still crazed, "I told you...I told you I was going to marry you, that you were going to be mine..." His voice rang with a smug and gleeful tone, holding her a bit tighter.

Hiccup winced and sulked a bit, she didn't want to be married Dagur, she could barely handle him during his rare visits. How in the world would she survive being stuck with him for the rest of her life?

He tried to drown her later that day.

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She's fourteen, she's started her cycles on the path to womanhood and suddenly she's more interested boys than she was before. He's eighteen with big strong muscles, a devil-may-care grin and dark green eyes that roved over her sad excuse of a body.

She's running again, heavy footsteps behind her, but her legs are longer, she has grown far more swifter than before. Dagur was actually having a hard time keeping up with her, but as fast as she was, he would win do to his stamina.

She had slowed for a brief moment, legs tiring from the exertion, only for his bigger form to crashed into her back, tackling them both into the sand. Her scream is drowned out by his cry of victory, pinning her on her back under him, big hands dwarfing her slim shoulders as he held her down.

She glared up into his gleaming eyes, the pout on her mouth answered by the manic grin his was twisted into. She glared into his green eyes, the shade mirrored to her own, before giving an exasperated sigh and scowl, holding her arms up to him.

His grin growing even bigger, adjusting himself so he was straddling her waist, strong thighs on either side of her hips, looming over her as her arms wrapped around his neck. "Gotcha." he growled before, swooping down and taking her lips in a fierce kiss.

Their hands are everywhere, pulling at clothes to slide over skin, their mouths follow, sharp teeth at her neck, soft tongue licking the sweat from his shoulder.

Their fathers look horrified at their disheveled appearance and demand to know what started a fight this time. Then they lectured on how future husbands and wives shouldn't try to kill each other especially when the marriage is a peace treaty.

Hicca scowled and sassed a disappointed Stoick while Dagur feigned boredom, used her as knife throwing target, teased and bullied her like always, to exasperated Oswald's chagrin.

Stoick drags her home, proceeding to let loose with the worst 'You're a disappointment' rant and lecture she's ever received. He is too mad to realize he's going above and beyond harsh with her and Hicca flees her home before he's done, running into the forest.

Anywhere out of the village is better is better than staying in it.

She doesn't stop until she gets to the beach, the same spot she was at earlier at day, dropping to her knees and trying not to cry. She hugged her knees to her chest, curling up into the smallest ball she could, sitting there till large hands fell on her shoulders.

"I will slaughter him." He hissed, green eyes dark as he tilts her head up seeing the red tear tracks on her face. She shakes her head, trying to turn away, not wanting him to see her red eyes and the tears still threatening to spill over. His grip is strong, not letting her turn away from him, pulling her towards him and kissing her roughly.

She sinks into the kiss, hands twisting into the fabric of his shirt, pressing up against him as they fall into sand.

The following morning he murmurs against her bare shoulder, pressing kisses to her skin as he speaks, voice soft and gentle for once.

"On your birthday, when you are finally marrying age, if being with me is what you really want, then meet me here and finally join with me as husband and wife should. I promise I will be here to meet you." His voice was soft, affectionate, so unlike his normal behavior, punctuating each word with the softest of kisses to her skin.

It haunts her for many nights to come.

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Emerald eyes blinked as she came out of her memories, sighing as she pushed a lock hair behind her ear and looked back on recent events.

The next time she and Dagur had met, he, now the chief of the Berserkers, greeted her warmly, showering her with the gift of a gorgeous emerald and diamond necklace coupled with the most beautiful dress she had ever seen. Hiccup tried to reject the gifts, but he would have none of it, now that he was chief he could finally bestow on her all the gifts he wanted.

Hicca avoided him, lied to him, choosing the love of her dragon and the village that once shunned her over the love she held for him. Even though her heart felt like it would explode from guilt and hurt. Two months after that, the look of utter betrayal in his eyes had almost made her feel like letting him kill her then and there on Dragon Island.

The man she loved was now her greatest and most deadly enemy.

A stray tear slid down her cheek and she smiled despite it, maybe this was her penitence for changing the viking way. For all the good she's done, even though she had gained the respect of her village, her Father's pride in her, the love of all the dragons she meets, she is still not allowed the one thing she needs the most.

She hugs her knees to her chest as the sun disappears on the horizon, seemingly sinking into the waves and lays her head on her knees. She is foolish, he isn't coming, she thinks to herself, but she promised and she will stay till dawn.

She had always wanted to be wife and eventually a mother, more importantly she wanted to be Dagur's. For all his insanity, his wildness and blood lust, she did truly love him.

For everything she had accomplished to shed the shame of being a 'hiccup', she had lost the love and respect of the one person who saw her for herself.

The young auburn haired girl buried her head into her crossed arms, allowing herself to cry softly. She doesn't regret meeting Toothless or making peace between her tribe and the dragons. She really doesn't, but she regretted losing Dagur.

"I am so foolish."

"I guess that makes two of us then."

Dagur's voice comes from behind her so suddenly as strong arms wrap around her shoulders. She is pulled back to his muscular chest, causing her to startle, but he holds her tight. She turned and met his eyes, that darker mirror shade of green to her own, her mouth dropping open in shock.

He breathes her name before capturing her lips in a passionate kiss

that had her melting into it. Despite the awkward position she presses back, trying to pour all of herself into the kiss. Guilt, regret, shock, love, everything she had.

"Hicca..." He breathed her name again, somewhere sounding in between a cruse and prayer, when they broke for air. She swallowed thickly, staring up into those dark green eyes, hyper aware of his arm around her, the hand that tangled in her soft hair during the kiss, his breath on her lips.

"I...didn't t-think you would come..." She whispers after a pregnant pause, searching his eyes for something other than madness and she finds it. His eyes bore into hers before he speaks, "I promised."

"I know." She smiles briefly before his lips cover hers again as tears slip from her eyes again.

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END

Super WAFF Omake of infinite smackdown, cause omg I'm the biggest sap ever.

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Toothless stared...and stared...then stared some more at the strange sight before him.

Little emerald green eyes stared back at him as a little auburn haired girl sitting in front of him, matched him in the same unblinking stare.

Hicca looked at the scene with a eyebrow raised and a bemused expression on her face then looked at her husband across the table. Dagur just grinned at the sight of his daughter try to out stare the dragon, loving the bewildered look on Toothless' face, "I think Val's got him on the run." He cackled in his trademark style.

Val broke the staring contest at her father's laugh, scrunching her face up at the interruption then turned back to Toothless with a look of concentration. Toothless stayed frozen still as she reached out and touched his nose in a similar fashion to her mother.

He knew his rider was bound to have a hatchling eventually and he had watched the hatchling grow inside Hicca for nine months. He just wasn't sure why she had to have a hatchling with that male of all people.

At least she inherited her mother looks and scent at least, Toothless, nuzzled the small girl affectionately. The girl grinned when he purred in response, "Tooly! Tooly!" Then she proceeded to laugh...in the same fashion as her father.

"Oh gods..." Hicca mumbled to herself at the horrified expression on her dragon's face, the pound look on her child's and Dagur falling out of his chair, howling in laughter.

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True End

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file.